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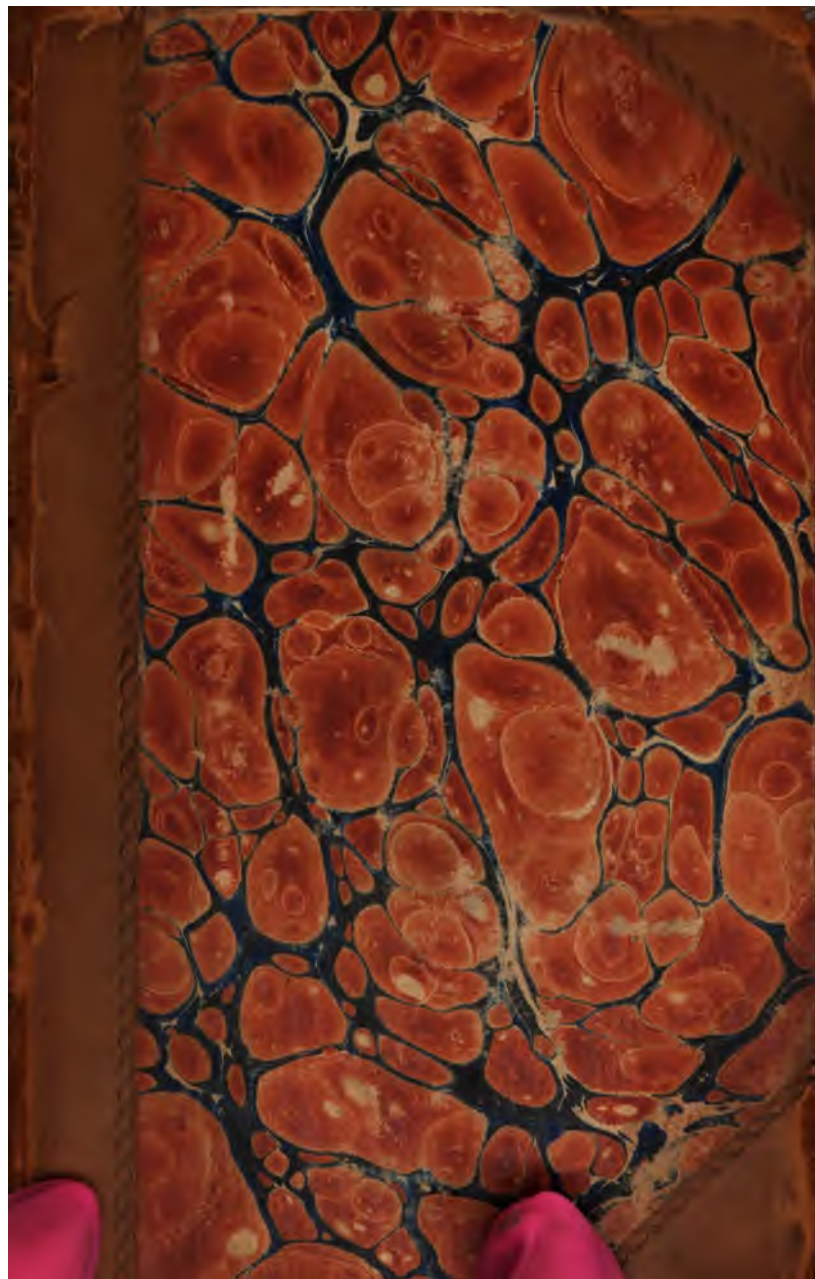
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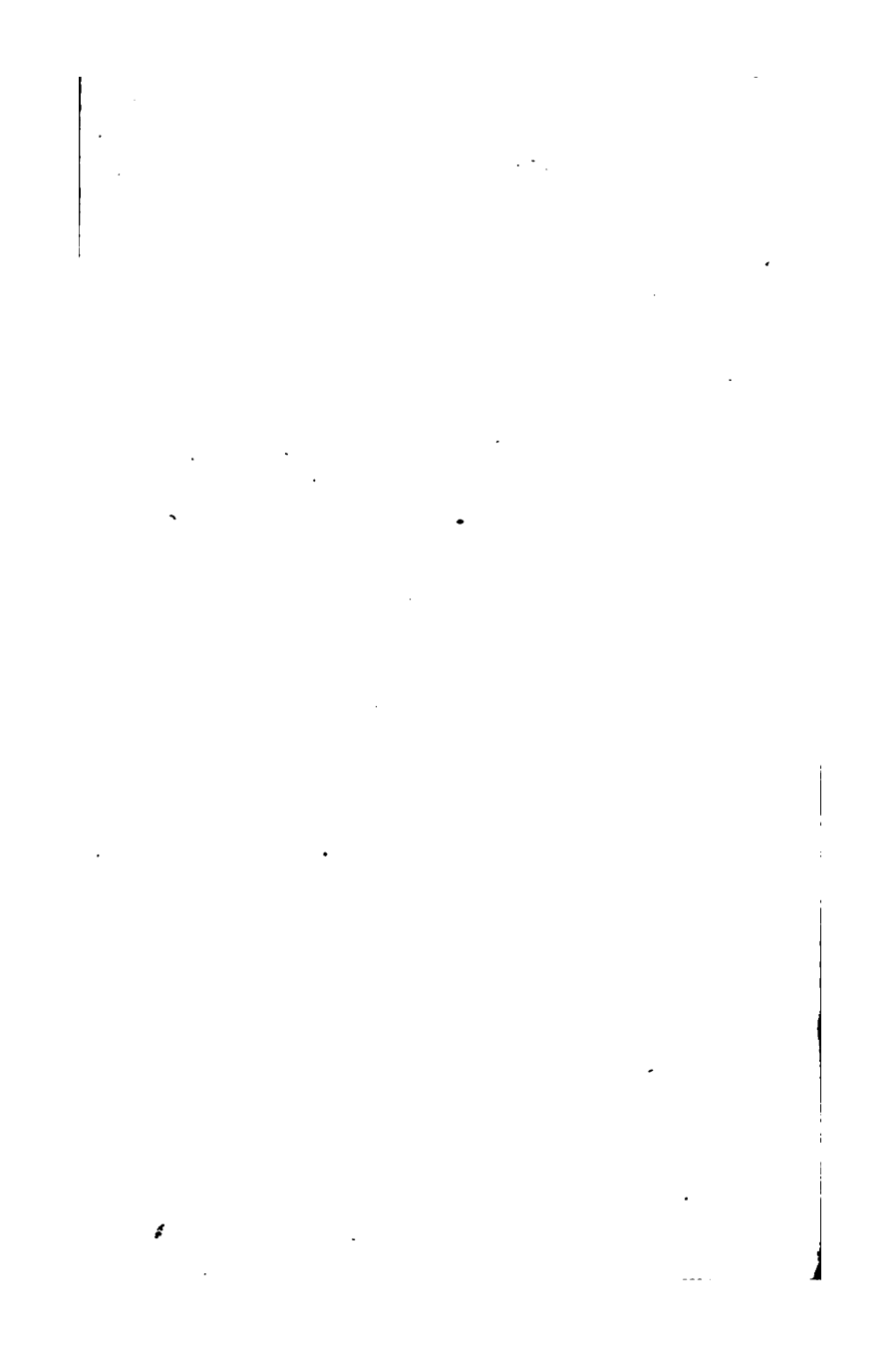
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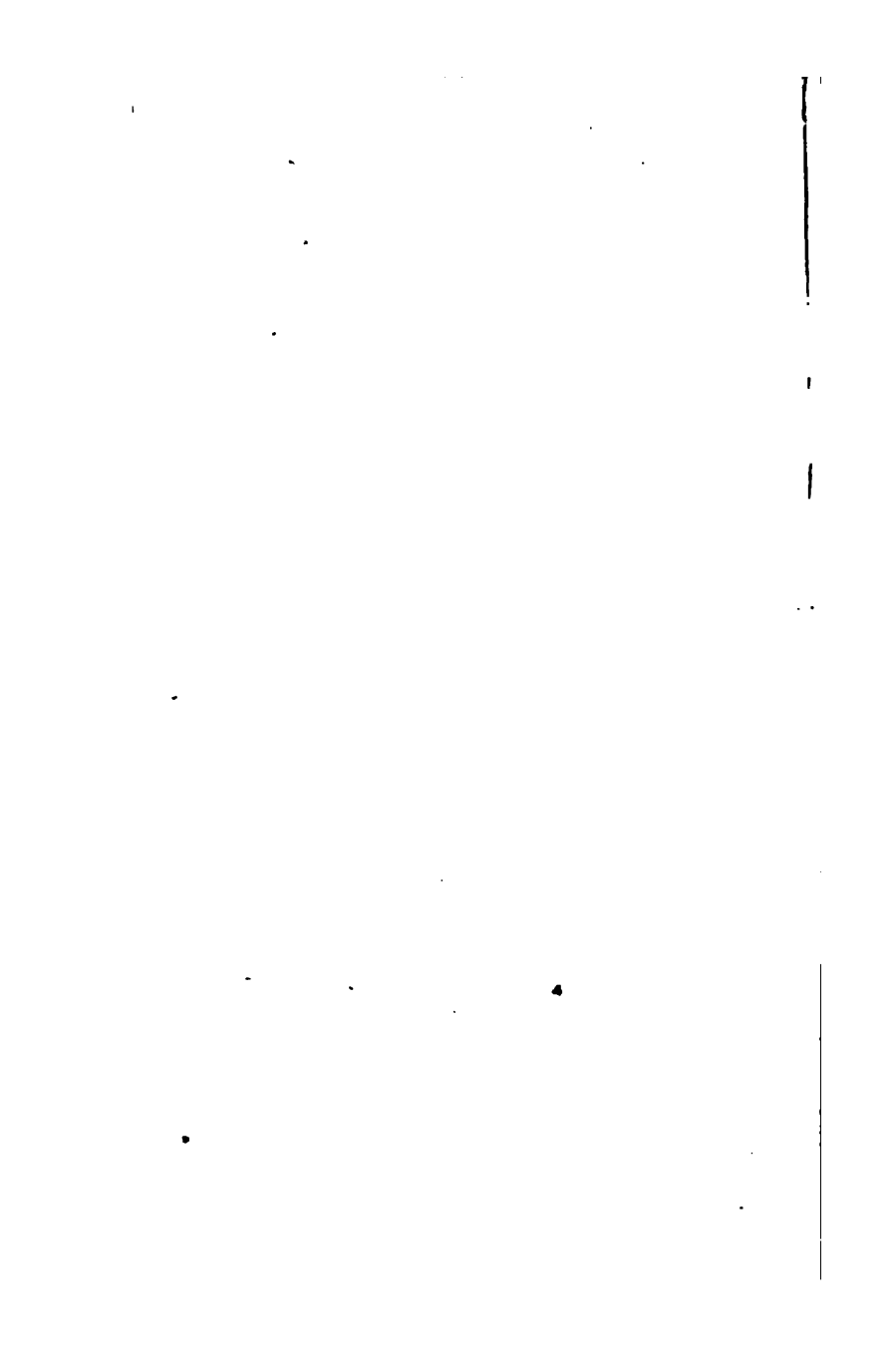


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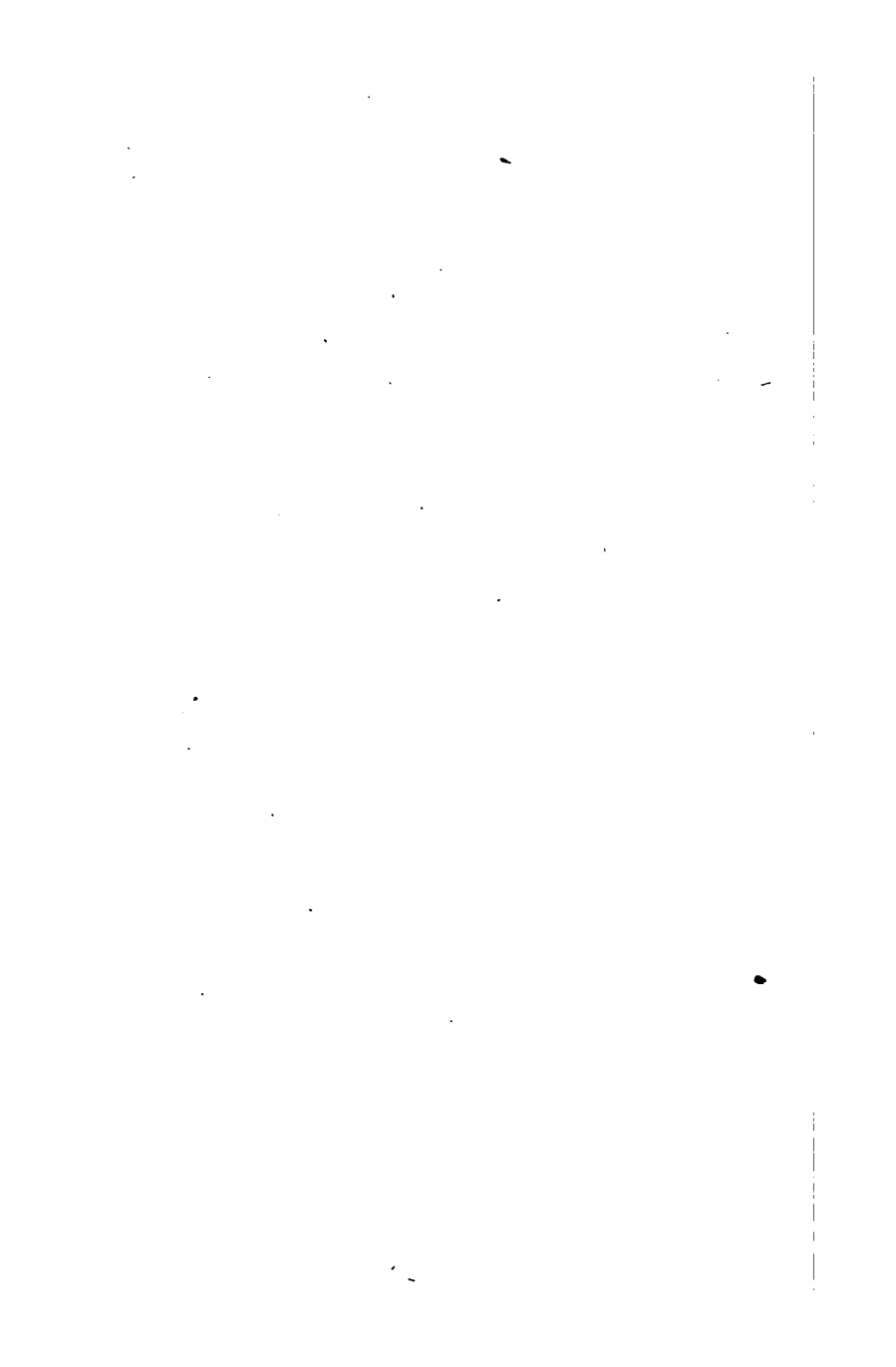
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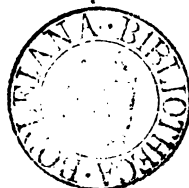




THE  
*S.H. 1827.*  
**HEART,**

WITH  
  
ODES AND OTHER POEMS.

BY  
  
PERCY ROLLE.



LONDON:  
FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS,  
STATIONERS' COURT AND AVE-MARIA LANE.

1828.

64.

**LONDON :**

**R. CLAY, PRINTER, DEVONSHIRE STREET, BISHOPSGATE.**

TO  
**ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.**

THIS  
VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,  
BY  
HIS SINCERE ADMIRER  
AND  
OBLIGED FRIEND  
THE AUTHOR.



## Advertisement.

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THE Author of this little Volume feels no inclination to enlarge it by the addition of a Preface; and perhaps even this brief notice is unnecessary, as it is more than probable it will be allowed to float quietly down the stream of oblivion, unimpeded and unobserved. But in case those dispensers of fame or obscurity, the Reviewers, should chance to direct their attention toward it, he will just remark, that he is yet very young, and that these Verses are the production of his boyhood; but he by no means intends this observation as an apology for worthless composition, if such his pieces should turn out to be. He who publishes voluntarily enters the lists with the Public, and cannot therefore screen his clumsiness or incapacity behind any excuse whatever; yet, although youth can never excuse imbecility or bad taste, its consequent inexperience may *account* for some blemishes which at a maturer age might justly be pronounced indicative of incapacity.


The Writer is aware that a sombrous expression of sentiment occasionally discovers itself in the following



pages ; but he hopes it will never be found to degenerate into misanthropy. He is particularly anxious that this should not be ascribed to a desire on his part to participate in that fashion of affected gloom, which, originated by one of mighty endowments, has of late years too much prevailed. He has felt, in those moments of temporary depression of spirits, which are incidental to all, more disposed to indulge his inclination to verse, than at other seasons ; and that his pieces should frequently have taken the hue of his feelings, is by no means extraordinary.

He has not the insincerity to assert that he feels no anxiety respecting the reception his volume may meet with ; but as he has never indulged in an extravagant opinion of its merits, he will not experience inordinate disappointment should it issue from the Press unnoticed.

It may be proper to observe that several of the smaller pieces have already appeared in periodical publications.



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## THE HEART.

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### I.

How populous is that world, the human Heart!  
How thronged with griefs and cares, how rife with sighs!  
Yet Joy will light it—HOPE will spread her chart,  
And build her rainbow, till GRIEF's storms arise,  
And sweep the bodiless pageant from its skies;  
And blighted PASSION will exhale a cloud,  
Beneath whose influence the soul's sunshine dies,  
And the heart waxeth cold, as in a shroud,  
And breaks, or withers on, by its own tyranny bowed.

## II.

How fierce and desolating Love,—how strong !  
They err, methinks, that picture him a child,  
And laud him with the honey'd voice of song ;  
In sooth, I deem him not so fair and mild,  
But one with darkened brow, eyes flashing wild,  
A baleful and disease-inducing breath,  
By which all whom it reaches are defiled,  
And in his hand ~~not~~ dart and myrtle-wreath,  
But the red lightning's shaft whose blasting touch is death :—

## III.

This *thou* canst witness, maiden, wronged, disowned,  
Thou of the marble cheek, and locks that wave  
Around a brow where sadness sits enthroned ;  
Is there no hope—no balm—can nothing save ?  
No, thou art his—the tyrant's—yes, his slave,  
And he of all, even life, will soon bereave thee ;  
But there is peace and rest in the calm grave,  
Death is thy friend when other false friends leave thee,  
Thy patron—his still home is open to receive thee.

## IV.

Yet some there are who say that LOVE is sweet,  
That blisses dimple in his rosy smile ;  
I know that he can garb him in deceit,  
I know that he hath many a flattering guile,  
I know that he can mask like TRUTH the while ;  
Faithless as April sunshine on the lake  
Just to be tossed by storm, his serpent wile  
Invites his votaries treacherous rest to take,  
That with redoubled pangs they may at last awake.

## V.

Art not *thou* happy, now that thou hast won  
Her thou didst sigh for, and the sacred rite  
That hallows passion hath confirmed 'ye one ?  
Yes, thy glad heart is basking in delight,—  
Her cheek is fair—her happy eyes are bright,  
Her health-tinged lips invite the balmy kiss,  
Known but to wedded love, where *souls* unite :  
Art thou ~~not~~ rich in such a world as this ?  
A single day has past—where now thy hoard of bliss ?

## VI.

Where is the lustre of her fond eye?—Where  
The bloom her damask cheek would erst unfold?  
Those eyes are dim, affection beams not there,  
And pale that soft cheek cast in BEAUTY'S mold!  
Where the red lips on which thy vows were told?  
Where the warm heart? the tongue that breathed "I will,"  
In sweet but tremulous accents?—silent, cold;  
The hand that waked soft music? bloodless, still;  
And pulseless is that heart, and passionless, and chill;

## VII.

And soon the closing earth will cover all!  
Thou seest the fierce fiend now in him that showered  
Joys thou didst deem eternal; the black pall  
He spake not of as with thy bride embowered,  
He whispered soft lies in thy heart, devoured  
With its all leadlike weight of anguish now;  
The storm hath heavily on thy morning lowered,  
Henceforth at MADNESS' shrine thy spirit must bow,  
*He* fires thy flashing eye—*he* furrows thy wierd brow.

## VIII.

Enough of LOVE ; with lit eye, and flushed cheek,  
See where her daughter JEALOUSY appears ;  
Now stung with rage she wildly burns to wreak,  
Now weak and woman-like dissolved in tears ;  
Deeming all certain that her bosom fears,  
Her busy thoughts engender the black bane  
That poisons the calm current of her years,  
And pours a liquid fire through every vein,  
To dry up the heart's dew, by PEACE shed ne'er again.

## IX.

One moment pause, wild woman, e'er too late ;  
Calm thy mad rage, loose, loose that dagger's hilt ;  
Urge not with murderous hand thy lowering fate ;—  
Ah ! that red stream in thunder speaks thy guilt,—  
The fatal blow is struck—her blood is spilt ;  
Now turn for comfort to thy heart's dark cell,  
And say how peopled, if thou canst and wilt ;  
There goading thoughts, like fiery serpents dwell,  
They the tormenting fiends of that now quenchless hell.



## X.

What maid walks forth beneath the twilight sky,  
With lofty brow, and cheek serenely pale,  
And a sweet sadness nestling in her eye ?  
Thou sainted maid, fair MELANCHOLY, hail !  
My comrade through the world's uneven vale,  
My mentor, such it has been thine to be,  
When REASON failed, thy still voice could prevail,  
And I have nurtured been so long by thee,  
That thou hast almost grown portion and part of me :

## XI.

Thou art TRUTH's medium ;—as the natural sun  
Is more distinctly seen through clouded glass,  
So through thy veil, thou meek and lovely one,  
We behold TRUTH, and the world's worshipp'd mass  
Of hollow tinkling baubles, as they pass,  
Cast the vain hues that did so bravely glow ;  
Tried by thy test the gold flies off, the brass  
Appears in cankering worthlessness below,  
And through the mask of smiles peers the cold cheek of woe.

## XII.

Mate of the lover, source of midnight sighs ;  
Mate of the bard, and half his inspiration,  
For in thy shade those giant forms arise  
On his mind's eye, and each divine creation  
Is partly from thyself an emanation ;  
PASSION and MIRTH but cloud and chain the mind,  
Thou freest it from its clayey domination,  
Lending it pinions earth nor space can bind  
To soar into THOUGHT's heaven, unfettered as the wind.

## XIII.

Advance, thou gladsome rosy-featured boy,  
With light, irregular step, and laughing eyes ;  
Tabor and flute attend thee, buxom Joy,  
And odours sweet at every step arise,  
For thou dost tread on flowers ; a thousand dyes  
Deck thy small wings ; thy lips are moist with wine,  
And breaking into smiles like April skies ;  
Long time since thou companion wast of mine,  
Yet sometimes we have met in days of "auld lang syne ;"

## XIV.

But soon thy wings were spread, and we did part,  
Perchance for aye,—for see who coucheth there,  
With glassy eyes that mirror his cold heart,  
And scowl that darkens more his gloomy lair ?  
Clench not thy bony bloodless fists, DESPAIR !  
Ah, rosy Joy, hath he so frightened thee ?  
Fleet hast thou vanished from his sullen glare,  
To climes more genial : it is thine to flee,  
Where no such influence reigns, but ah, he *dwells* with me.

## XV.

Yet morn will rise, even on DESPAIR's dark night ;  
The fairy HOPE on the horison see,  
Like a young angel, with her wand of light  
Scattering the gloom ; HOPE, welcome even to me,  
Often deceived, yet still I trust in thee ;  
How men will climb the steep of life's rough hill,  
Though not a gleam upon their path there be  
Save thine, their only star, that shining still,  
Perchance will brightest be amid the darkest ill.

## XVI.

Cowering like hare in form, with lips apart  
And breathless, glides guilt's pallid comrade, FEAR :  
Wild are her locks—her eyes ;—ah, wherefore start ?  
'Twas but the wind among the branches sere ;  
Irregular throbs her breast, and from their sphere  
Her eyes are straining, as like light she flies  
From distant dangers, blind to danger near,  
For she will rush where sure destruction lies,  
To 'scape the ills herself creates or magnifies.

## XVII.

But hard the task, demanding loftier lyre  
Than mine, to drag from feeling's troubled source  
Its inmates forth ;—ANGER, with eye of fire,  
Fierce step, and voice impetuous ;—pale REMORSE,  
With eyes fixed on the past, some dark deed's corpse  
That putrifies and festers, while each day  
Sees it more black and noisome in its course,—  
For TIME, that holds o'er GRIEF a gentle sway,  
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## XVIII.

GRIEF ! thee I named ; thy cypress crown floats by ;  
Throw back the dusky mantle from thy face ;  
Ah, well I know thy hollow misty-eye,  
And furrows months nor years shall e'er efface,  
Down which the big round tears each other chase—  
The frost so prematurely sprinkled o'er  
Those locks, that else had waved with youthful grace,  
The stony cheek that never roses wore,  
The form so worn and shrunk, it scarce can dwindle more.

## XIX.

Go to the habitations of the dead ;  
To mute, *not voiceless* tombs, ye proud ones, go ;  
See the young widow tears of torture shed,  
Her infants grieving at their mother's woe ;  
See the old grand-dame shake her locks of snow  
Over the fallen pillar of her age,  
Wishing her boy above, herself below :—  
Yes, go and study this, life's common page,  
For such may be thine own e'er done thy pilgrimage.

## XX.

A word, REVENGE, of thee, and I have done;  
With thee this catalogue shall end, thou fell  
And ruthless demon ; the pure day-light shun,  
In darkness best thy coward blows will tell ;  
Delay becomes thy food, strengthening thee well,  
Thou blackest of the tyrannous host that pale  
Man's cheek, and make his heart a little hell :  
Is there no power that can o'er these prevail,  
And pluck their venomous stings? there is, RELIGION, hail!

## XXI.

With robe of spotless white, and heaven-ward eye,  
And smile of holy gladness on thy cheek,  
A stranger to the monster BIGOTRY,  
And hell-born SUPERSTITION, thou dost speak  
In words all music; for 'tis thine to break  
Men's mental fetters, not to make them slaves;  
And when the serpents of their nature wreak  
Their venom on their souls, and PASSION raves,  
'Tis thou canst calm its rage, like oil poured on the waves:

---

## XXII.

Yet 'tis not thine men's passions to *suppress*,  
Couldst thou do this they were no longer men ;  
But thou canst curb their fiery recklessness,  
Soften and mellow feelings harsh, and when  
Peace leaves the soul, restore her reign again ;  
For to the mind thou beamest on, thou art  
As moonlight is to earth when hallowing glen,  
Lake, wood and mountain, until every part  
Lives in the silvery beam that doth impart

## XXIII.

New loveliness to beauty, that o'er things  
Where darkness and deformity before  
Had dwelt, a sweet and luminous halo flings,  
Softening away the hideousness it wore ;  
Such is thine influence over the heart's core,  
Passions all fierce and desolating free,  
Under thy guidance reinless are no more ;  
And even our virtues, sooth, if such there be,  
Are dark and without life till shone upon by thee !

## THE EXILE'S RETURN.

---

### I.

My head hath whitened 'neath the orient sun,

My heart is worn by many an hour of care,  
At times I deemed my course was well nigh run,

For it was mine in peril oft to share ;  
But from the hour my exile life begun,  
I had this hope to hold me from despair,  
That when long years were vanished, the same glen  
My boyhood knew should know my steps again.



## II.

Oft thought I of the cottage in that vale,  
With green o'ergrown, and canopied by trees ;  
Where ne'er the songs of birds were known to fail,  
And each bright day brought troops of humming bees  
To the rich verdure mantling o'er the pale,  
Sweet woodbine, mossy rose, and fragrant pease :—  
Of her who was my all, and who is now—  
But what she is, O ruthless grave, say thou !—

## III.

And of that pleasant bower where oft we met  
When the close branches arbour'd us around,  
So woven that they bade the pattering wet  
A green defiance, and the sloping ground  
Was clothed with furry mosses ; flowers unset,  
But springing wild were there ; and not a sound  
Could reach us, save the dying sobs and heaves  
Of the light breeze, and rustling of the leaves.

## IV.

And I at last am here ; the heavy sea  
Is crost, its droning voice hath left my ear ;  
The selfsame branches now wave over me  
That in my days of infancy were dear ;  
Ah, my old comrades, when we parted, ye  
Like me were in your spring—now both are sere ;  
Ye fade, but soon ye know returning bloom,  
While I must fade into the wintry tomb !

## V.

Here will I pause, on this, the very mound  
Whence my sad eyes sent forth their last adieu  
To my once happy home ; each spot of ground  
Is as I left it, fields and lanes I knew,  
Are not, as I am, alter'd ; *there* we found  
Such heaps of violets,—*there* the hawthorn grew,  
The tree my mother loved so—where is *she* ?  
Ah, my long tearless eyes, methinks in ye

## VI.

The long sealed founts of other days gush forth,  
The griefs of early years stalk from their grave  
And haunt me like dark spirits ;—can thy worth,  
Thy fondness, be forgotten ?—Yew-trees wave  
With a sepulchral sadness o'er the earth  
Where thou dost sleep ; nor love nor health could save  
Thee from an early tomb ; we laid thee where  
Yon lowly spire pierces the placid air.

## VII.

Stay thee an instant here, thou aged man !  
Thy thin and frosty locks, methinks, do speak  
Knowledge of by-gone years ; why dost thou scan  
My features thus with thy dim vision, bleak  
With life's most cold December ; but though wan,  
And time-bleached from its hue may be thy cheek,  
Methinks 'twas once familiar ; aught canst tell  
Of they who in yon bower of greenness dwell ?

## VIII.

Thou wilt not tell me so ! my father dead,  
And garner'd 'neath the church-yard hillock—there !  
Brothers and kindred o'er the wide world spread !  
And strangers in my birth-place ! where, Oh where  
Is, then, that old man's daughter, we were bred  
Fond twins together, she was fond as fair ;  
*Where* is my sister ?—Do I rightly hear ?  
Then I have comfort yet if she be near ; —

## IX.

Lead on, lead on old man, for I may yet  
Be blest, though mine no more that much-loved spot,  
Where first my weeping eyes the day-light met ;  
Yet is each field, each tree a friend, which not  
Time's billows sweep from my remembrance, set  
There as in adamant, while all forgot  
Many events and strange scenes that have passed  
Before my eyes since I beheld them last.

## X.

Art *thou* my sister? — THOU? — it cannot be!

Amelia's eye was bright, her cheek was fair,  
Her step was springy, and her port was free,  
And full and flowing waved her auburn hair; —  
What is there of this character in *thee*?

*Thine* eye is dim, *thy* brow is worn with care,  
*Thou* hast a widow's garb, and that sad look  
Tells thou'st a widowed heart; — when last I shook

## XI.

My sister's hand, and kissed her snowy brow,  
She wept, and fast and free the big tears came;  
Yes, her eyes gushed forth tears, as *thine* do now,  
Yet even in weeping ye are not the same;  
Hers was an exquisite woe, but not to bow  
The spirit, not that settled, lifeless, tame,  
Emotionless, and petrifying grief,  
That knows not hope, and seeks not for relief.

## XII.

Is *this* the hour I sighed for — dreamt of — dwelt

On with a fond idolatry ? is this

The meed of all I suffered — all I felt ? —

My treasure of anticipated bliss ? —

My heart ! thy last rays into darkness melt,

Henceforth thou'rt but a cold and drear abyss !

Would I had perished 'neath the orient beam,

In the full faith of my long-cherished dream !

## COWSLIPS.

---

### I.

FAVOURITES of my early hours,  
Still I love your golden flowers !  
Not the way-side primrose, pale,  
Shivering in the wintry gale ;  
Not the daisy ; no, nor yet  
The sweet-scented violet,  
Though I love them each, can be  
Ever half as dear to me.

## II.

Tales of olden time ye tell,  
Of the sweet-toned Sabbath bell,  
Heard, as through the mead we trod,  
To the distant house of God;—  
Of the brook in verdure lost;—  
Of the rustic bridge we crost;—  
Golden pathway—golden hours,  
Then my very thoughts were flowers!

## III.

I remember, when the day  
Morning's dew had dried away,  
I, one of an infant band,  
With an eager eye and hand,  
Sought and pluck'd your cluster'd bells  
In the shady woods and dells,  
Nor forgot that should be mine  
Fragrant tea and future wine.



## IV.

Days of infancy! alas!  
Why do ye so quickly pass?  
What would I relinquish now  
For that sunny eye and brow—  
For that meek and unwarp'd will—  
For that ignorance of ill,  
Which were mine at five years old,  
Ere life's dark page was unrolled!

## V.

Since I follow weightier things,  
Vanished are my spirit's wings;  
Cloudless is my heart no more,  
But with care all shadow'd o'er;  
Never may it know again  
The pure joy that warm'd it then,  
When its highest hopes were crown'd—  
Hopes, a cowslip field could bound!

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

---

### I.

PALE Evening Star! pale Evening Star!  
How dear to me thy glimmerings are;  
How many a thought of days gone by  
They wake, but ah! how many a sigh.

### II.

Alas! my feelings *then* like flowers  
Springing to life in April bowers,  
Now, like yon heap, in ruin dwell,  
The past's sad, silent chronicle!

## III.

How oft, by Avon's verdant side,  
I watched thee in the crystal tide,  
With one of open heart and brow —  
Eliza — ah! where is she now?

## IV.

That youthful cheek was fair and bright,  
That eye beam'd like thine own sweet light,  
That voice was music, and that heart —  
Enough — 'twas ours too soon to part!

## V.

That face, whose every smile could bless,  
Now wears but death's cold fixedness;  
Say, does her spirit, throned on high,  
Look on thee from that upper sky?

## VI.

If dim declining years I see,  
Still will I think of her — of thee,  
And leave the world's unhallowed jar,  
For thy calm beam, pale Evening Star!

## I THINK OF THEE.

---

### I.

WHEN Morning's beam is springing,  
New life to nature bringing,  
And merry birds are winging  
    Their way from tree to tree ;  
And the violet uncloses,  
And fragrant dew reposes  
Enamoured of the roses,  
    I think, love, of thee.

## II.

When Day's warm noon is glowing,  
The sky more sultry growing,  
And streams are calmly flowing,  
    And murmuring like the bee;  
And not a breeze is sighing,  
And not a bird is flying,  
And flowers seem faint and dying,  
    I think, love, of thee.

## III.

When Evening's sky is spreading  
And Evening's star is shedding  
Its light on lovers, treading  
    The paths that loveliest be;  
And twilight round is stealing,  
The muffled owl revealing,  
And bat in circles wheeling,  
    I think, love, of thee.

## IV.

When starry Midnight's reigning,  
The pale moon slowly waning,  
And nightingales are plaining,  
    And cool airs wander free ;  
And peace at length has found me,  
And silence hovers round me,  
And sleep's soft chain has bound me,  
    I *dream*, love, of thee.

**SONG.**

---

**I.**

**COME** away;  
**Love** is dying,  
**Joys** are flying  
Every day ;  
**Youth** is going,  
**Cares** are growing,  
Come away.

## II,

Come away;  
Life is ours,  
Pluck the flowers  
While 'tis May;  
Time is stealing  
Each fond feeling,  
Come away.

## III.

Come away;  
Nature's treasures,  
Nature's pleasures  
Ne'er decay;  
Towns are dreary,  
Fields ne'er weary,  
Come away.



## THE LAST.

---

### I.

THE LAST!—how sombre are the thoughts  
These simple words convey;  
What tomes they speak of joys to cease,  
Or sped like dreams away;  
Of happy hours too fleetly flown,  
Like winter sunshine o'er;  
Of flowers that sprung within the heart,  
But blossom there no more.

## II.

The exile, as his vessel bounds  
Over the foamy wave,  
Looks back towards that native land  
Which shall not be his grave;  
And as he looks, the tears gush forth  
In big drops free and fast;  
For well he knows the glimpse he gains  
Of *that* shore is—THE LAST!

## III.

He in whose frame stern sickness works  
A slow but sure decay;  
When death is near, and o'er his brow  
Its darkening shadows play;  
How awful, as he strives for breath,  
His close room open cast,  
To breathe once more the healthful air,  
But feel that breath—THE LAST!

## IV.

Perchance thou'st known some lovely one,  
To whom, with tearful eye,  
Long years ago thou bad'st adieu,  
Nor deem'd her end was nigh:  
And O, what would thine heart have felt,  
As from thy sight she passed,  
Couldst thou have known, as now thou dost,  
That parting was—THE LAST!

## V.

The sailor, when the furious winds  
Howl, and the waters dash  
Their yelling waves around him, lit  
By the red lightning's flash;  
How dread, as from the reeling bark  
On the wild billows cast,  
To lift his last glance to the sky,  
And *know* it is—THE LAST!

## VI.

To lean o'er all we love—have loved,  
    Stretched on the couch of death;  
To mark her fixed and glazing eye,  
    Her short and gurgling breath;  
To press our quivering lips to those  
    Whose sweetness fades so fast,  
To feel their faint and gentle kiss,  
    Their feeblest and—THE LAST!

## VII.

Yes, this is grief, and cares or griefs  
    All earthly-born must know;  
But O, there is another world  
    Where cares are not, nor woe;  
And he who knows his home is *there*,  
    When this frail life is past,  
With a calm smile may welcome death,  
    His happiest hour—THE LAST!

## THE CHILD'S FUNERAL.

---

### I.

CALM and warm is the summer sky,  
And the summer sun is bright,  
For the pillowy clouds that around him lie,  
Soften, but dim not his light;  
And flowers that are bending in clusters fair,  
Lavish their sweets on the noon-tide air.

### II.

Things that are beauteous, lust'rous gay,  
To the raptured view arise,  
For nature spreads forth her divine array  
Of odours, and rainbow dyes;  
And her sweetest of sounds, for from every tree  
Peals out the full gush of minstrelsy.

## III.

All is gladness, freshness, and life,  
And can death intrude?—the tomb  
Ope its jaws in an hour so bland and rife?  
Yes! hark to that heavy boom,  
That is loading the wings of the indolent breeze,  
And see, what sorrowful groups are these!

## IV.

From yon grove there issues a band  
Of infant forms, clad in white,  
And, upborne by many a small fair hand,  
A coffin, with flowers bedight;  
And behind there are duskier forms, who weep  
O'er that innocent thing in its last cold sleep.

## V.

No wonder, I wot, that ye mourn  
Thus early to seek the tomb,  
E'en I can grieve, to behold him thus borne,  
A flower pluck'd in early bloom,  
Tho' unseen by me all those natural arts,  
With which, as with spells, he led captive your hearts.

## VI.

Fair ones, bearing your playmate now,  
Less happy methinks are ye,  
Soon pain and disease may some of ye bow,  
Of some the worse fate may be,  
Through long, long years, silent strife to wage  
With cares, and with ills, and at last with age.

## VII.

Where now is the feeling so gay,  
That gladden'd my heart erewhile ?  
Swept like the sunbeam of winter away,  
And tears take place of a smile ;  
Less bright do the flowers seem, less vivid the green,  
That funeral has passed like a cloud o'er the scene.

## VIII.

O, each moment, or bright, or chill,  
To some must Death's herald be,  
For his sable pennon is floating still,  
No spot from its shade is free ;  
He owns no season—he knows no stay—  
Sunny ringlets he spares not, nor tresses of grey.

## THE DOVE HIS GOLDEN PLUMAGE HATH.

---

1.

THE dove his golden plumage hath,  
The rose its fragrant breath,  
The rippling stream its sunny waves,  
Its purple flower the heath ;

2.

The nightingale her melody,  
The very storm its light ;—  
I but my soul's deep bitterness,  
Its weariness, and blight !



STANZAS TO——.

---

I.

WHERE Nature is, is beauty, she hath beauty for her dower,  
In ocean, forest, tuneful bird, and in the voiceless flower;  
But all her charms united by sweet Woman are alone,  
And all the charms of womankind, dear lady, are thine own.

## II.

There's music in thy lightest step, there's music in thy  
voice,  
And in thine eyes of light a ray that bids the soul rejoice;  
Before thy smile, so brightly pure, all grosser thoughts  
must flee,  
As shadows shun the earliest burst of day-light on the sea.

## III.

There's beauty on thy marble brow, there's beauty on thy  
cheek,  
There's beauty in thy ringlets curl'd, that love's own  
language speak;  
Thy lips of rose voluptuously in parted beauty dwell,  
And thy bosom heaves like summer waves on ocean's  
calmest swell.

## IV.

Yet 'tis not that angelic form, and seraph's eye of blue,  
That most endear thee to a heart, warm like thine own  
and true ;

It is that nameless charm of mind which all save thou  
canst see,

That binds in rosy chains of love my vanquished soul to  
thee.

## ODE TO WINTER.

---

### I.

WINTER, enthroned on yonder treeless hill !

Thy stern but wither'd front is wanly lit

By the far sun's cold ray ; piercing and shrill,

The east-wind raves in many a gusty fit,

Wafting thy thin white locks and silvery beard

On its bleak pinions ; thy fix'd eye is cold

And glassy as the surface of the waves

O'er whom thy hand has rear'd

Its wand, within their mazy courses old,

Chaining them, as thy slaves.

## II.

Thou lovest barrenness, and with thy blast  
Hast swept all verdure from the leafless earth ;  
And, proving her thy vassal, thou hast cast  
Thy snowy livery round her ; gazing forth  
On hill, and vale, and desert waste is seen  
Thy robe of whiteness glistening in the ray ;  
Here smooth like glass—there into furrows tost :  
Thou’st stolen the forest’s green,  
But on each trunk, and every slender spray,  
Is spread thy feathery frost.

## III.

Thou art a skilful artist ; the fine wire  
Of the industrious spider is o’erhung  
With thy far finer net-work ; I admire  
Thy works, thou cold enchanter, and a tongue  
To me they have of dreams in boyhood sweet,  
Of fairy grotts and cities ; aye, the trees  
Seem branched with silver, carpeted the ground  
With down for elfin feet ;  
Those dreams are almost realized in these  
Thy wild creations round !

## ODE TO SPRING.

---

### I.

YOUNG Spring ! that sittest on that daisy knoll,  
With wreaths of infant green upon thy brow,  
The new birds, fearless of the chill control  
Of frosts and heavy skies, are blythesome now ;  
Music is pealing from each-feathery throat,  
To greet thy coming, at thy smile serene  
New life, and universal beauty glows,  
And round thy presence float  
Airs that are telling of the healthful green,  
White hedge and blossoming rose.

## II.

Thine handmaid, the gay Flora, trips along,  
Garlanded round with bloom, elate with glee,  
Strewing the earth with flowers, that wake the song  
Of their meek lover, the industrious bee ;  
She paints the blossom of the purple plum,  
The downy peach, bright cherry, luscious pear,  
And all the nurslings of the southern breeze ;  
When autumn days are come  
The pulpy fruit shall hang in ripeness there,  
The treasure of the trees.

## III.

All nature breathes luxuriance, and man  
Catches the feeling from her ample page,  
And Fancy builds some rainbow coloured plan,  
Like those we know in youth—smile at in age ;  
The sloping hill and the sheep-spotted mead,  
Touched by thy sunny pencil, mantle o'er  
With verdure, and black clouds have left the sky ;  
Gone is the oaten reed,  
But thou canst glad man's heart unto the core,  
And brighten sorrow's eye !

## ODE TO SUMMER.

---

### I.

SUMMER, embowered in thy rich leafiness !

Flora and bright Pomona weave thy crown,—  
And wreathed with flowers is every golden tress

That o'er thy sun-brown'd bosom wantons down ;  
The silvery stream that gurgles at thy feet,

Chaunts a rich fyfte of noontide melody ;

The winged people shun the scorching ray,

But where yon branches meet,

Full oft their glancing forms flit beauteous by,

And swells the varied lay :



## II.

Yes, not a feathered chorister is mute.

Thine is the zenith beauty of the year,  
Gardens have still their flowers, orchards have fruit,  
Thy varied foliage yet is all unsere,  
And rich thou art in many a leafy nook,  
Where the pale bard his fever'd head may rest,  
Rapt in Elysian rhapsody sublime,  
Or o'er some favourite book  
Poring, forget, in his secluded nest,  
How speeds the fleet-wing'd Time.

## III.

Thine is the cloudless day, so long that night  
Seems but a twilight where the evening grey  
Mingles with early day-break ; carolling light,  
The mower leaves his hut, and wends his way  
To where the long grass waits his sharpened scythe,  
And when the sun is up in the warm heaven,  
In motley groups, the haymakers appear,  
Seeking their labour blythe ;  
Summer, to thee earth's richest wealth is given,  
Thou Cræsus of the year !

## MORNING.

---

UPROSE the Sun, and the infant Day  
Broke from the curtained Night away,  
    Lovely as he doth ever break  
When the young Spring sports in the breezy sky,  
    Bidding the minions of Beauty awake,  
    The flowers in the hedge-row, the birds in the brake,  
And the light clouds warn'd by the Sun's bright eye,  
    Like ghosts from his presence fly !

## A COMPARISON.

---

### I.

BEHOLD the slowly-opening bud—the infant on the knee,  
And pause, and think, how like they are,—how like their  
course shall be ;

A rosy hue spreads o'er the flower, in many a beauteous  
streak,—

The rosy flush of health adorns the infant's smiling cheek.

---

## II.

The bud expands—the child, too, owns the ripening hand  
of time ;  
And both are gay, and wearing on towards their sunny  
prime ;  
The sky above them both is bright ; or if a cloud appears,  
The silvery shower soon passes by—soon dried are boy-  
hood's tears.

## III.

But after-storms will scathe the flower—tears pour when  
manhood's brow  
Is shadowed o'er with care, or furrowed deep by sorrow's  
plough !  
Then one its zenith bloom attains—his full endowments  
one ;  
While fleet as dreams, and scarce observed the hours,—  
the seasons run.

## IV.

Stern winter comes—old age creeps on—decay will now  
assail ;

The leaves are dropping one by one—the vigorous senses  
fail ;

A few brief hours—a few short years—have yet to wear  
away,

THEN what the flower ?—pale scentless dust ! The man ?—  
cold breathless clay !

## SERENADE.

---

### 1.

THE heavens are calm, and the earth is still,  
And whispers the night breeze lightly, love ;  
There's fragrance afloat, over valley and hill,  
All is beauteous around, all is bright above.

### 2.

The small waves heave in the moon's full light,  
Lake and meadow recline in her lustre pale ;  
O waste not in profitless slumber a night  
That was meant but for love and the nightingale.

## 3.

In yon waveless ocean of lustrous blue  
The stars are floating, placidly floating :  
Why is not that eye of a kindred hue  
Its luminous pageantry noting ?—

## 4.

O, hie thee hither, an hour like this  
For a heart like thine hath an exquisite thrill,  
And there's nothing so sweet as a moonlight kiss,  
When the heavens are calm, and the earth is still.

## ODE TO THE STARS.

---

### I.

How beauteous ! how wondrous ! fain, fain would I see  
Your myriads unrobed of their mystery ;  
Fain would I cleave the dark dome of the night,  
Soaring up like a thought, to your islands of light ;  
Fain would I rifle your secrets divine,  
With what forms ye are peopled, and wherefore ye shine ;  
By what laws ye are govern'd, and framed on what plan,  
I would know—but I may not—this is not for man !



## II.

Great—glorious the day, when the Author of all  
Having spake ye from nought—and ye sprung at the call!  
Through the regions of space from his hand ye were hurled,  
Dark myriads of atoms—each atom a world!—  
When each sped to his point in the boundless *expanse*,  
And ye caught your first light from the light of his glance!  
His power in one moment fix'd each in his spot,  
One moment remitted—ye sink, and are not.

## III.

What a dot is this earth, 'mid ye orbs of the sky!  
And, compared with this earth, what a nothing am I!  
Yet I with *my* mind's cobweb plummet would sound  
THAT mind that hath known nor creation nor bound;  
Would fathom the depths of His wondrous decree;—  
Can the fly grasp a world—a shell compass the sea?  
No: *this* to weak man is allow'd, and no more—  
He may wonder and worship—admire and adore.

## A STILL NIGHT.

---

It was a cloudless April night,  
The stars in the blue sky were bright,  
And gentle dews dropt lightly on  
The boughs, that with the enamour'd sun  
All day had wanton'd, but now slept  
Amid the fragrance that exhaled  
From their rich bloom ; and sacred kept  
The silence that o'er all prevailed,  
Save when the pilfering breeze stole by,  
And lifted light their blossomy zone  
To make its balmy sweets his own—  
*Then* breathed they one melodious sigh,  
A faint, low murmur that expressed  
Reproof of him that brake their rest

TO THE ROSEMARY.

---

1.

SWEET herb! that art ever found,  
Those grassy hillocks shading,  
Where the forms of the dead lie fading  
Low in the ground.

2.

Thou spreadest thine odorous bloom,  
Not in gardens of cultured trimness,  
But in church-yards—unchill'd by their dimness,  
Dampness, and gloom.

## 3.

I, too, o'er those mounds of death  
Of lean, and, for lost friends weeping,  
Think—Soon shall I too be sleeping  
With those beneath !

## 4.

I linger an hour, then am gone,  
Into scenes of affection and gladness ;  
But *thou*, true to death and to sadness,  
Tarriest on.

## 5.

Like faith, that can fearless brave  
Life's perils, its storms, and its fleetness,  
Thou sheddest a pensive sweetness  
E'en on the grave.

## SONG.

---

1.

TURN not those lips unto me,  
No more can they subdue me;  
    There *was* a time,  
    In their rosy prime,  
When your kiss would aye thrill through me.

2.

Your lip and cheek have faded,  
Has sorrow *your* heart invaded?  
    Ah, mine grows cold  
    E'er it groweth old,  
And my brightest thoughts are shaded.

3.

Love and Hope once joys were bringing,  
And flowers in my path were springing,  
    They bloom'd a day,  
    Then wither'd away—  
Their knell in my heart is ringing!

## ODE TO DEATH.

---

### I.

**GREAT leveller—pale shadowy reaper Death!**

**Thou that dost dash the hue from valour's cheek!**

**Thou that dost rob of their brief gift of breath**

**All creatures that have life—the strong—the weak!**

**Thou stalkest through this earth a thing unseen;**

**Giant invisible! and thy silent tread**

**Wakes not a sound to make thy coming known;**

**But where thy steps *have been*,**

**Appears by wrinkled forms whence life hath fled,**

**And youth and 'flourishing beauty overthrown!**

## II

Why shrink we from thy sceptre, gloomy king ?

There was a time we were not ; can it be  
That dread again to be not, is the thing  
That makes us shudder to depart with thee ?

No—but an undefined presage of ill,  
That haunts us like the baseless thoughts that course  
Across our fancy in a troubled dream ;  
'Tis Conscience, whispering still  
“ ETERNITY !” and with resistless force  
Darkening hope's flickering beam !

## III.

Where dost thou hold thine empire ? In what place  
Rulest thou thy realm of shadows, peopled wan  
With creatures of all time, and boundless space,  
Of yesterday, and ages ages gone ?  
Where is thine ebon sceptre rear'd, O Death ?  
Wilt thou not tell me ?—may not my freed mind  
With thy dark mysteries be familiar made  
Till I resign this breath ?  
And 'mid things unsubstantial, undefined,  
(The shades of ceased worlds) flit a pale shade ?



## WAR.

---

### I.

NAY, boast not, warrior ! count not o'er  
With pride thy fields of fame,  
Till thou canst cite me something more  
Than that most empty name  
“ *Glory* ”—to balance the fierce scourge  
Of war, that like a bellowing surge,  
With famine, steel, and flame,  
Sweeps o'er the land where peace reclin'd,  
And leaves a desert waste behind !

## II.

The orchard rich with golden fruit,  
The garden rich with flowers,  
The cot where mirth was never mute,  
The green and shady bowers  
Where sisters or where lovers met,  
When the sun made his golden set,  
And twilight veiled the hours ;—  
How look they now that scourge has passed ?—  
Stricken as by the simoon's blast !

## III.

Then think of all the tender ties,  
War's fearful chances break ;  
Yes, think that not a soldier dies  
But some fond heart must ache ;  
Some infant mourn a father's fate ;  
Or widow, lone and desolate,  
Wither for his dear sake ;  
Or mother close her lengthened years  
Of cares and hopes, in gloom and tears !

## IV.

Behold the field, the battle past,  
What scenes may there be read ;  
Limbs scattered by the cannon's blast,  
And by the quiet dead  
The mangled wretch, whose starting eye  
Tells that his fiery agony  
Is still unquenched—unfled  
His spirit—while around him strown  
Are death and suffering like his own!—

## V.

The unroof'd cot—the branch-strown wood—  
The sack'd deserted town—  
Streams swoln, and meadows drenched with blood,  
And ripe corn trampled down.  
Say! can it glad thy heart that this  
Is part thy work? *such glory bliss?*  
Tear off thy laurel crown!  
Didst thou but duly weigh its cost,  
Thou'dst weep, perchance, but never boast.

## WHITE ROSES.

---

### I.

YE stars of the garden! whose silvery white  
And sweet odours arrest the wild bee in his flight;  
Ye remind me of one who was blooming and fair,  
And pure 'mid her loveliness, even as ye *are*;  
But whose spirit is now disencumber'd and free,  
And her fair form, as soon, ah! too soon ye *shall be*—  
Wither'd and wasted, and hid by the earth,  
That shall then smile as gay as she did at your birth:  
The earth! that young beauty as reckless devours  
As the rain-drops, and swallows alike weeds and flowers;  
All things, hideous and lovely—distorted and fair,  
Meet and mingle in one mass of nothingness *there*!

## II.

Sweet your incense—breath'd forth amid sunshine and light!  
But e'en sweeter is that ye exhale in the night :  
So her virtues—though known in the sunshiny hour,  
Were but doubly called forth by adversity's power ;  
When grief press'd on her heart, & *my gloom*, her worst woe,  
Did it ruffle the stream of her temper ? ah, no !  
The more crush'd was that heart (*far too fragile for earth*)  
Like your own, the more sweetness and balm it gave forth ;  
But enough—she is gone ! and I turn from her tomb  
With a tear to ye minions of fragrance and bloom—  
Gay, innocent, beauteous as she was to-day ;—  
Doom'd to-morrow, like light dreams, to vanish away !

## FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TALE.

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### I.

SHADES of evening, linger yet,

Hasten not the gloaming ;

Sun, ah ! not so quickly set,

Edgar yet is roaming ;

Eve, like thee he wears tow'rds night,

Wears with gloomy thinking ;

Sun, like thee he once was bright,

Now like thee is sinking.

## II.

Not an hour I'd stay behind,  
When at length we sever,  
And the meteor-star his mind,  
Death has quench'd for ever ;  
This world feels too bleak and bare,  
When the stone is telling  
That the lov'd one moulders *there*,  
In the grave's dark dwelling.

## III.

Should the desert spring grow dry,  
Nought is left to cherish,  
But beneath the sultry sky  
Travellers must perish ;  
Should the sailor's beacon fail,  
Over rough rocks hurried,  
Soon he lies all cold and pale,  
In the white wave buried.

## IV.

When *my* guiding light is gone,  
Darkness must receive me ;  
When *my* spring of life is flown,  
Life itself must leave me ;  
Shades of evening, ye are here ;  
Sun, thy beams are hidden ;  
And adown my cheek the tear  
Makes its way unbidden !



## REPOSE.

---

WHERE shall we find thee, spirit of repose !  
Not upon sultry beds, where walls enclose  
And shut us in from contemplation ; where  
There is no currency of healthful air ;  
No sounds of nature, nor her wafted bloom  
To bathe the thirsty sense in light perfume ;  
But haggard dreams, and slumber all unsound :  
O 'tis not here, meek spirit, thou art found ;  
But among pleasant fields, where the ripe corn  
Waves in brown sheaves ; and the bee's drowsy horn  
Just mingles with the distant sabbath bell ;  
And birds their musical tales of gladness tell ;

And the light gossamer goes floating by ;  
And the clouds sleep along the windless sky ;  
And in the hawthorn's shadow doze the sheep,  
Where the white streamlet moans itself to sleep ;  
And nature's many sounds, all mingled, seem  
But as a louder silence, or a dream.

And I have found thee here, in this sweet bay,  
Where the calm waters stretch away—away ;  
Waves softly swell, and are again received  
Gently, as if by sleep's pulsation heaved ;  
Boats bask at rest, or undulating, play  
With the small ripples that around them stray ;  
The white clouds, heaped in many a vapoury wreath,  
Gaze on their pictured selves outspread beneath :  
There is a jutting post that day by day  
Hath robed itself in sea-weeds green, that play  
With every wanton breeze when such there be,  
But now they furl around it listlessly ;  
And on the sands that 'neath my footsteps lie,  
The tiny billows change to foam, and die.

## TEARS.

---

### I.

WOMAN, I envy thee the tears  
With which thy griefs are wash'd away,  
And quench'd the deadly fire that sears  
The heart, and goads it to decay;  
As mists are melted into rain  
And lost, earth's bosom scattered o'er,  
So sighs that rend the heart with pain,  
Melt into tears, and are no more :

## II.

Light is the grief that thus can pour  
Itself from the o'erflowing eyes,  
To that which racks the bosom's core,  
And may not vent its agonies :  
Often, alas ! 'tis mine to mourn  
Without a hope to which to fly,  
By torture's tooth my heart is torn,  
And yet each burning lid is dry !

## WHAT IS LIFE?

---

### I.

Is this to *live*, to sigh and toil for treasure,  
And hoard the means of life till hungry death  
Rob of his worshipp'd gold, and of his breath,  
The slave who by his gains his time would measure?  
Is there one happy? thou art wealthy now,  
Raise, from the desk thy bald and wrinkled brow,  
And say,  
Thou of the locks of snow,  
Art thou?—  
Away,  
Dim eyes and care-plough'd furrows answer, No!

## II.

Is *this* to live, to chase through toil and sorrow  
That shadow of a phantom, air-born fame,  
That (as we die to-day) our empty name  
Be known, and syllabled by men to-morrow ?  
Is there one blest whom *thus* the Fates endow ?  
Throw back the locks from thy damp feverish brow,  
And say,  
Bard of the frensied eye,  
Art thou ?—  
Away,  
Thy pallid cheek gives me a full reply !

## **SLEEP.**

---

### **I.**

**MEN have called thee Death's semblance, Sleep!**

**But thy realm is not, even in part,  
As clayey, and rayless, and hueless, and deep,  
As the tyrant's whose emblem thou art.**

### **II.**

**Thou hast hours that are bland and bright,  
When we put on a being ideal;  
And the free mind may bask beneath Fancy's light,  
Unchill'd by the shadowy real.**

## III.

Yet awful at times thou canst be,  
When we cling to some cloud-crested height,  
While beneath waits a yawning and billowy sea,  
To engulf us in morrowless night.

## IV.

But visions thou knowest more dread  
Than the foaming and threatening wave ;  
When the lean ashy hands of the once known dead  
Seem beckoning into the grave ;

## V.

And their cold lips, bluely swelling,  
Seem faintly to mutter our doom ;  
While their glassy and motionless eyes are telling  
A tale of the silent tomb.

## VI.

Then our heart's rapid pulses stop,  
And our spirits before them bow,  
And the big rain of horror, cold drop by drop,  
In agony rolls from the brow :



## VII.

For we think of the hour so near,  
When the slimy and loathsome worms,  
That writhe through Death's mansions so earthy and  
drear,  
Shall feed on *our* perishing forms :

## VIII.

When nature so beauteous and rife,  
And the bright sun's genial ray,  
And the ties, and the cares, and the pleasures of life,  
Are exchanged for corruption and clay !

## SONG.

---

### I.

THERE'S gladness o'er the freshened earth  
When falls the gentle shower,  
There's song upon the chesnut tree,  
There's dew upon the flower ;  
But to my rayless eye, the earth  
No gladness can impart,  
There is no music on my lip,  
No dew upon my heart :

## II.

For death has cast an early blight  
Over my spirits free ;  
And now if aught in nature's face  
I find of sympathy,  
'Tis when the earth lies withered, waste,  
In the bleak wintry hour,  
When frost clings to the chesnut tree,  
And snow usurps the flower.

## WERNER AND ISABEL.

*A SKETCH.*

---

*Isabel.*—The storm is hush'd, the winds have sunk  
in sleep,

The riotous thunder slumbers in his den,  
The glorious sun that a few hours ago  
Seem'd blotted out of heaven by the black clouds,  
Now spreads his crimson couch along the west ;  
Yet Werner comes not ; it is not his wont  
To leave me here to stray through these green alleys,  
Alone, and ill at ease, the seeming sport

Of the old branches, for each time the breeze  
Breathes through their varied foliage, bending them  
Each unto each as they did nod and whisper  
And make them merry with my loneliness,  
Then is my spirit like a weak reed shaken  
By the uncertain hope that flits across it.

[*A bird sings.*

Sweet tenant of the leaves, methinks in thee  
I do behold a fellow sorrower,  
Thy tones so plaintive are and solitary ;  
Innocent warbler, is thy bosom rack'd  
With thoughts of a false mate, that should be here  
To join thee in thy vespers ?

WERNER *enters.*

*Werner.*—Isabel,

My own, my lovely Isabel, with whom  
Discoursest thou, or dost thou waste thy words,  
Thine eloquent words, upon the reckless ear  
Of the unanswering breezes ?

*Isabel.*—Werner, I

Was pitying yon disconsolate bird, that makes  
The mute air vocal with melodious grief,  
And strives to soothe her fluttering heart with song,

Her gentle heart, that (so my fancy deems)  
 Bleeds at the absence of a cruel mate,  
 That here hath left her lone and widowed  
 Even as yon early star, the only one  
 On the pale brow of night.

*Werner.*—Nay, chide not; will not thine affection furnish  
 For him who never, even in thought, deceived thee,  
 Some plea of exculpation—unforeseen  
 And sudden accident, or thwarted purpose?  
 Man's purposes are cobweb, Isabel,  
 And when perchance he deems them cable, and  
 Essays their execution, one short moment  
 Destroys them; 'tis the tenure we hold life by  
 To obey circumstance, and, if need be,  
 Brave perilous adventure—

*Isabel.*—Peril, Werner!  
 Ah, now I do observe it, you are pale,  
 And your long locks are wet, as they had been  
 Bared to the fountains of the o'ercharged clouds,  
 Rent by the shattering tempest;—tell, O tell me  
 What hath befallen you, and pardon me  
 If by a thought unkind I did you wrong.

*Werner.*—Well, but as the story is a long one,  
 Sit down upon this seat of Nature's making,

The creeping moss hath form'd a cushion for you,  
And it is so o'ercanopied and fenced  
With twigs and leaves, the rain hath never reach'd it;  
Now lay your gentle hand in mine,—but you  
Were very frighten'd, wern't you?

*Isabel.*—Werner, if you do love me, dally not,  
Know, to an anxious heart suspense is torture.

*Werner.*—Well, when I left my home the day was fine,  
But somewhat sultry—the cattle in the fields  
Crowded beneath the trees, waving their tails  
To chase the buzzing flies that troubled them;  
White clouds lay in small heaps about the sun;  
And drooping flowers bent down their languid heads  
To the green earth their mother, as if asking  
For dew to bathe their leaves in; presently,  
The clouds were gather'd into one huge mass,  
That black, and blacker grew, until the sun  
Became invisible; I was hurrying then  
By the sea-shore, its waters were discoloured,  
Taking the hue of the sulphureous sky,  
Noisy and agitated, answering  
The thunder that now peal'd both loud and frequent;  
There came a small boat with its white sail set,  
Making its way to land;—I could distinguish,

Amid the duskier forms of men, the white  
And flowing garments of a female ;—she  
Did raise her frenzied eyes to heaven, and wring  
Her hands in agony, (perchance she scream'd,  
I heard her not,) and still the boat was hurried  
Over the billows, until one huge wave  
Did yawn beneath her prow ;—madden'd with terror,  
And with a shriek that I *did* hear in spite  
Of the hoarse tempest, she sprang overboard,  
Leaping into the very arms of death ;  
The merciless waters hurried the boat away ;  
One moment did I hesitate, the next  
Beheld me struggling through the realm of waves,  
That yell'd, and tost around me, like strong brutes  
That dogs have gall'd to madness, in such sort  
They foam'd and bellowed, dashing their snowy crests  
Against the cloud that flash'd his fury on them ;  
Still bore I on, beating with lusty arms  
Their monstrous fury under me ; the guide  
And beacon of my course, that robe of white,  
That rose and ebb'd obedient with the wave ;  
I reach'd, I grasp'd the lifeless, lovely maid,  
For she *is* lovely, and with desperate strength  
That seem'd not of myself, regained the beach,



And, breathless, bore unto a silent cave  
Her who did bow her pale and beauteous head,  
Like to a drooping lily that the storm  
Hath beat upon too roughly.

*Isabel.*—But she lives?

*Werner.*—Yes, but life seems to slumber thro' her frame,  
The blue of Heaven is clouded in her eye,  
The rose hath yet return'd not to her cheek,  
And her speech falters, yet she doth express  
Her thanks with that mute eloquence which words  
In vain attempt.

*Isabel.*—And she is now—

*Werner.*—In a small cot hard by.

*Isabel.*—Lead, lead me thither,  
That with a sister's love I may impart  
A sister's comfort; she, to save whose life  
Werner hath put his own upon the venture,  
Must—*shall* be dear to Isabel.

*Werner.*—Dear Bell,  
Thine heart is ever like the wax, that softens  
And yields to each impression; lean on me,  
I will conduct you thither.

## LINES,

*Written beneath the Portrait of a Young Lady.*

---

### I.

No—it is not an angel's face,  
Yet scarce can I believe it less ;  
For it hath every charm, and grace,  
A seraph's features should possess.

### II.

The polished chin—the open brow—  
The cheek lit up with girlish bliss—  
The full ripe lip, that even now,  
On canvass, half invites a kiss.

## III.

Those sable locks the neck adorn,  
And through the tresses, fair and white  
The bosom peeps, like infant morn  
Just stealing from the arms of night.

## IV.

The long dark lash, that lends its shade  
To curtain that too brilliant eye,  
Seems kindly given the smiling maid,  
Lest love, by lightning struck, should die.

## THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

*A MORAL.*

---

### I.

AH, beware, thou gaudy fly !  
Trust not in the sunny sky ;  
Trust not in that rose's bloom—  
Dewy freshness—rich perfume ;—  
Beauteous, new, and fragrant now,  
It must fade, and so must thou !

### II.

Sport not thus thy gilded wings,  
As if clouds were unknown things ;  
As if winter, dark and drear,  
Were no portion of the year ;  
Soon it comes with frost and gloom,  
Trifler ! what is then thy doom ?

## III.

Near, behold the humbler bee,  
He is wiser far than thee ;  
Gathering, blythe where'er he goes,  
Treasure from each flower that blows ;  
Lily, pink, and eglantine,  
All, industrious bee, are thine.

## IV.

Not the summer day dost *thou*  
Waste in fatal idlesse now ;  
Wiser, thou'lt possess a store,  
When the summer day is o'er ;—  
When that glittering houseless thing,  
Droops to earth his frosted wing.

## V.

Insects ! man, if wise he be,  
Golden lore may learn from ye ;  
Learn, that if that summer day,  
Youth, is lavished all away,  
Like the fly he must at last  
Perish in the wintry blast ;—

## VI.

Learn, that at the morning beam,  
Must be sought that heavenly stream,  
Which can joys eternal pour  
When his little day is oer,—  
When is quenched his feeble breath  
In that else drear nightfall—death.

## LINES WRITTEN ON GLASS.

---

### I.

FIT emblem, brittle stone, art thou  
Of earth's most worshipp'd things,  
The wreath that binds the victor's brow,  
The pomp of sceptred kings,  
Riches, and health, and love, and joy,  
And some with less of earth's alloy,  
Genius with golden wings,  
And beauty's heavenly bloom, alas !  
And fame, what are they all but glass ?

II.

And what is man, who lords it now  
 O'er all beneath the sky?  
 Soon, very soon, frail tablet, thou  
 Must break, and I must die;  
 And when a cold unconscious clod,  
 Beneath the church-yard's daisied sod  
 My wasting bones shall lie,  
 Oblivion shall together class  
 The rotting clay—the shattered glass!



## FALSE LOVE.

---

### I.

BEWARE of her, lover, beware, beware,  
Of her fondest word, of her loveliest smile;  
Oh, trust her not, though her bosom be fair,  
It covers a heart full of guile.

### II.

Trust not a moment the love-seeming ray  
That beams from her eye, it is like the light  
That shines on the traveller's weary way,  
But to plunge him in murkier night.

## III.

And trust not her kisses, though sweet they be,  
They are like the honey'd, deceptive snare,  
Hung 'mid the boughs of a fruit-cover'd tree,  
To engulph the poor pilferers there.

## IV.

Trust not her vows, they are lightly spoken,  
Though music they seem to the lover's ear,  
Like bubbles they fail—like glass they are broken,  
And the heart that believ'd is left lonely and drear.

## DEATH.

---

DEATH! busy hast thou been of late 'mong those  
Whose forms I knew—whose fond eyes smiled on me—  
Eyes whence my own oft caught the beam of mirth,  
The sweet ray of affection;—they are dark!  
Darkness alone dwells under the pale lids  
That now are closed for ever.—Where are *they*?  
Go, ask the Earth, in whose insatiate bowels  
Whole generations rot, while on her surface  
Their sons revel.—Earth, thou vast sepulchre,  
Couldst thou lay open all the myriad cells

Which men have dug to hide their fellow-men,  
 How fearful were the lesson all would read  
 The great—the gay—the rich—the beautiful!  
 O ! what a loathsome mass of cold humanity  
 Stagnating in corruption!—horrible!  
 Not that to me the thought hath terror in it,  
 That when I lay me down in that cold sleep,  
 My flesh must thus resolve itself to clay;  
 But must the forms of those I love dissolve  
 Thus loathsomely?—That bosom where now beats  
 A heart all purity and love for me—  
 Where that fair infant pillows and inhales  
 Life's balmy stream—must *it* become a soil  
 For things obscene to breed and riot in !

And is this all—the end—the grand result ?  
 Behold those withering limbs—that ghastly head  
 Wasting in slow decay—once the bright home  
 Of genius—wit ;—the rich, o'erflowing storehouse  
 Of wisdom and of knowledge ;—can *this* be  
 Their consummation ? was that spark divine,  
 Progressive, lit to be thus foully quench'd ?—  
 So thou wouldst tell me, ruthless infidel !

Avaunt! I will not seek for argument,  
Wherewith to blast, to crush the monstrous dogma,  
When Nature's self shuddering proclaims its falsehood.

## THE HAUNTED TOWER.

---

### I.

MORN breaks o'er yonder treeless hill,

The stars are fading one by one,  
The slumbering ocean calm and still

Is tinted by the coming sun ;  
And darkness wings her silent way  
To realms beyond the reach of day.

### II.

On yonder hill there is a tower,

A grey old tower of other times :  
Witness, through many a changing hour,  
To lovers' vows, and warriors' crimes :  
Oft hath it held the brave, the fair,  
But now no stir of life is there.

## III.

The latest chief and feudal lord,  
That swayed within those empty halls,  
Could muster many a ready sword  
Within and round his castle walls ;  
And many a rocking pinnacle lay  
At anchor in that glassy bay.

## IV.

But skies and fortunes change, and he  
Who oft had scourg'd his foes, was now  
In turn to yield them victory,  
In turn before their strength to bow ;  
At night-fall, from his battlement,  
That chief beheld the gathering tent ;

## V.

And with the early dawn arose,  
The hungry tiger in his might  
Less vengeful ; twice two hundred foes  
Lay stiffening on the earth e'er night,  
All cased within their iron shrouds,  
With their cold faces to the clouds.

## VI.

By numbers overpower'd, he fled  
O'er the green billowy sea, for aye,  
Like a glad bird the vessel sped,  
Bearing him on—away, away!  
Bearing him on o'er wave and foam,  
To seek in other lands a home.

## VII.

And since no man hath bedded here,  
Nor ate, for it hath omens dire,  
Unearthly sounds assault the ear,  
And fright the cotter from his fire;  
And oft at noon of night is heard  
The wailing of a ghost—or bird!

## VIII.

The ancient matron shakes her head,  
And bids the heedless boy beware  
How near to yonder tower he tread;  
And, stranger, shouldst thou wander there,  
They'll warn thee not to venture late  
Anear its green and hingeless gate!



## TO A BEE.

---

### I.

WHITHER, O whither, with song and with glee,  
Art thou, meek minstrel, going?  
To where the pink's bright blossoms be,  
And the beauteous rose is blowing?

### II.

Or tendeth thy wing to the violet beds,  
Or down where yon white brook, straying,  
Reflects the flowers on whose drooping heads  
The noontide heat is weighing?

## III.

Go, minstrel sweet of the jocund horn,  
And wherever thy sunny course may be,  
O'er the clover fields, or the flowering thorn,  
I'd learn this simple lore of thee :

## IV.

While the morning sun of my youth is bright,  
And life's best flowers are springing,  
To gather, and O to gather aright,  
The honey those flowers are bringing :

## V.

For soon the winter of life shall come,  
The blossom must fade—the fruit must fall—  
And what remaineth?—The dreary tomb,  
That opens alike for all !

## BURIED LOVE.

---

### I.

THE bravest, the brightest,  
Are held in her thrall;  
The gayest, the lightest,  
Are thronging her hall;  
And genius draws nigh her,  
And wit points his dart,  
And shafts that flush *by her*  
Are aim'd at her heart:

## II.

But not e'en the bravest  
Her fondness can prove,  
The gayest,—the gravest,  
Can wake not her love ;  
E'en wit hath not smit her  
Heart, ice to its play  
It flings back its glitter,  
Nor melts in its ray.

## III.

Yet deem not that heart ne'er  
Affection hath felt,  
And deem not love's dart there  
Its wound hath not dealt ;  
Alas ! as in mountains  
Volcanic, the snow  
Is seen, *not* the fountains  
Of fire, pent below.

## IV.

She *has* loved, and truly,  
But envious death stole,  
While joy shone so newly,  
The pride of her soul;  
Hope not true-love blasted  
Again shall e'er bloom,  
*Hers* dwells wither'd, wasted,  
With him in the tomb!

## TO SLEEP.

---

### I.

THE days, O Sleep! are distant  
When thy soothing power I knew;  
And wing'd by visions long and light,  
The hours of darkness flew.

### II.

Then placid dreams and dove-like,  
To my mind brought only peace;  
And Hope her rainbow tints threw in—  
Deceptions soon-to cease!

## III.

But now my dreams are vultures,  
And they prey upon my brain;  
And thoughts that waking rack my heart,  
I meet in thee again.

## IV.

When worn with thought and weary,  
I would seek thy rosy bower,  
Parched Fever from his tainted lip  
Breathes blight on every flower.

## V.

Sleep! would that for a moment.  
My uneasy couch again  
Thou'dst visit with that balmy rest,  
Thou shedd'st upon me *then*,—

## VI.

When roused at early morning,  
Fresh and glad as morning's sky,  
The lark that sung his lay above,  
Had less of glee than I!

## **SAD WILL I BE NO MORE.**

### **I.**

Sad will I be no more,  
Your reproach is so blandly sweet,  
The chains that encompass'd my spirit before  
Are broken, and lie at your feet!

### **II.**

Sad will I be no more,  
Your smile like the morning light  
My bosom hath pierc'd, and the gloom at its core  
Hath vanish'd as doth the night!



## III.

Sad will I be no more,  
From my heart that was heavy with care  
You have lifted the wearisome weight it bore,  
And now it is light as air !

## IV.

Sad will I be no more,  
Your lips—ah ! I see they are pale,  
My grief—hath it banished the roses they wore ?  
Too plainly they whisper the tale !

## V.

Then—sad will I be no more,  
Nor chaplets of dark flowers twine,  
In love's rosy sky my spirit shall soar  
As buoyant and light as thine !

## SONNET TO MARIANE.

---

MARIANE, thou hast an eye, piercing and bright,  
Yet dark as death ; and when its orb appears,  
As I have seen it, wet with passionate tears,  
That gush like rain-drops from the arc of night ;  
Then is its quick glance vivid as the light  
Flash'd from the cloud that bears the thunder on  
Through the hot sky of autumn ;—but anon,  
When troublous thoughts, like morning mists, take flight,  
'Tis like the moon-beam that leaves heaven to woo  
Thy sweet lips' rival rose, new loveliness  
Shedding on beauty. Many a raven tress  
Shades thy clear brow, and cheek as light of hue ;  
While some in jetty ringlets downward flow,  
To kiss and wanton o'er thy bosom's chillest snow.

## AS LANDS BY OCEAN SEVER'D.

---

### I.

As lands by ocean sever'd, we  
Too long, alas ! have been,  
And sorrow's dark and troubled sea  
Has roll'd its waves between ;

### II.

And must this ever be, and will  
Time bring us no relief ;  
Must sighs apart be utter'd still,  
And still be sighs of grief?

### III.

If so—if separate, and unblest'd,  
Must pass life's dreary noon,  
Death ! point thy shaft at this lone breast,  
It cannot fly too soon !

## SONG.

---

### I.

THE days that I have seen  
I never more can see,  
The sweet hours that have been  
O never more may be ;  
Once my heart was free,  
And sunshine played around it,  
Now joy's stream flows not for me,  
Sorrow's ice hath bound it.

## II.

The love that I have felt  
I never more can feel,  
To her to whom I've knelt  
I never more may kneel,  
Nor my warm vows seal  
On lips I pressed delighted,  
Ah, my sun has set, I feel  
All my heart benighted.

## III.

The wild notes of my lyre  
No more are warm and gay,  
Its sweetness gone—its fire  
Has died in gloom away ;  
If I strive to sway  
Its notes to love or daring,  
The false chords breathe forth a lay  
Nerveless and despairing.

## THE OUTCAST.

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### I.

As fainting, weary, and alone,  
I roam beneath the chilling sky,  
Methinks the brook, with sullen moan,  
Taunts me, as slow it murmurs by;—  
The owl, on yonder blasted tree,  
Strains his harsh throat to hoot at me.

## II.

Yon moon that shines so pale and clear,  
Looks calmly, coldly down on me,  
But not so cold as eyes *once* dear,  
When they could warm and smiling be ;  
The rustling of the forest leaves  
But mocks the sigh my bosom heaves.

## III.

Take me, O take me, silent Death !  
And in thy bleak, cold arms forgot  
I'll rest, freed from this feverish breath,  
For *thou*, O grave, wilt mock me not;  
But to *thy* bosom I shall be  
Welcome as they that frown on me !

## THE VIOLET.

---

### I.

THE snowdrop fair ; the fringed pink ;

The woodbine on the cottage pale ;

The crowfoot, by the river's brink ;

The hawthorn, scenting evening's gale ;

Beauteous are these, and fragrant too,

Yet more I love the violet blue.



## II.

Clematis, with its wealth of bloom ;  
The heart's-ease, and the daffodil ;  
The red rose, rife with fresh perfume ;  
The damask rose, more fragrant still ;  
Sweet is each odour, bright each hue,  
Yet more I love the violet blue.

## III.

The early crocus, spring's own flower ;  
The lilac and laburnum tall ;  
Geranium, pride of lady's bower ;  
The lily, too, belov'd by all ;  
Do not I value these?—I do,  
Yet more I love the violet blue.

## TO MY INFANT SON.

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### I.

THY mother bade me weave a lay,  
A lay of love for thee ;  
And I with willing mind obey,  
Tho' tuneless all it be ;  
Tho' words but mock the fond excess  
Of love, of hope, of tenderness,  
Which thou hast wrought in me ;  
And tho' my harp's degenerate chords  
Faint echoes yield to powerless words.

## II.

O, could my heart flown to my tongue,  
Dissolve itself in sound ;  
Or did my harp, now all unstrung,  
With dulcet tones abound ;  
Then would I strike a chord should chain  
The mind, and draw forth tears like rain,  
When I am in the ground ;  
But *thou*, should heaven thy life prolong,  
May'st value e'en *this* rugged song.

## III.

But it may be, my boy, thy life  
Is in its spring to cease ;  
It may be, that e'er manhood's strife  
Thou'lt find eternal peace ;  
And ne'er should wish of mine be lent,  
Were wishes potent, to prevent  
Thy happy soul's release ;  
He metes thy days, my little one,  
Who gave thee life—His will be done !

## IV.

And this world many a peril hath,  
If thou shouldst tarry here ;  
Toils, cares, and griefs, lie in thy path,  
And manhood's rough career  
Will dash the gladness from thy brow,  
The freshness from thy cheek, and thou,  
Perchance, may'st shed the tear  
O'er all thou lov'dst, as earth receives  
Them one by one, like autumn's leaves.

## V.

But ever pure may be thy breast,  
In grief—in joy the same ;  
And never may dishonour rest  
Its cloud upon thy name ;  
But may'st thou early learn to prize  
The plaudits of the good and wise,  
Alone as *real* fame ;  
Nor let the *race* absorb thy soul,  
But keep thine eye fix'd on the *goal*.

## VI.

Thy mother!—never may her eye  
Be damp with tears for thee,  
Save for those little ills which try  
Thy tender infancy ;  
And may'st thou to man's sterner worth,  
Join her warm heart—her guileless mirth—  
Her frankness—constancy ;—  
Her love, which time can not estrange,  
Which knows no ebb—and knows no change.

## VII.

And when at length into thy breast  
Death's chilling tremors creep,  
O may'st thou sink into its rest  
As to a gentle sleep,  
Unreach'd by doubt—unchaf'd by pain—  
Leaving behind thee not a stain  
O'er which the good may weep ;  
But with thy spirit plumed to rise  
To that pure world beyond the skies !

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## SONG.

---

### I.

FARE thee well,—fare thee well—  
Farewell for ever,  
Thoughts that my bosom swell,  
Thou shalt know never :  
Go, I forgive thee, though  
Griev'd I e'er met thee ;—  
Would my weak heart could so  
Easy *forget* thee !

## II.

Go, and where wits are found  
Vie with the brightest ;  
Go, where the gay abound  
Laugh with the lightest ;  
Break, in a harlot's arms,  
Vows thou hadst plighted  
Her whom thou said'st had charms,  
Yet whom thou'st slighted !

## III.

Go false one, leave me, though  
Love I have borne thee  
Bids me forgive thee, O  
Virtue must scorn thee.  
Fare thee well—~~fare thee well~~—  
Farewell for ever,  
Thoughts that my bosom swell  
Thou shalt know never.

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## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

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### I.

ALBUMS are coffers, where light thought  
Is treasur'd and amass'd ;—  
Records of moments else forgot  
Embalments of the past ;—

### II.

Mementos of full many a breast  
Whose grief no more can wake ;  
Of many a hand, whose icy rest  
But that last trump can break !



## III.

The heart—the mind—O what are they  
But *Albums*, where are set  
The marks of many a changeful day,  
Long past—remembered yet !

## IV.

Where characters bright, bland, and fair,  
By joy's light hand are traced :  
But where full many a page by care  
Is blotted, and defaced !

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